
In Recital

KAREN HAMM, mezzo soprano

assisted by

MICHELLE CROUCH, piano

Thursday, March 19, 1992 at 8:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building



**Department of Music
University of Alberta**

PROGRAM

Begone, my fears (from <u>Hercules</u>)	George Frederick Handel
Sorrow darkens every feature (from <u>Time and Truth</u>)	(1685-1756)
Hope, thou pure and dearest treasure (from <u>Esther</u>)	

Auf dem See	Johann Brahms
Dein blaues Auge	(1833-1897)
Feldeinsamkeit	
Mädchenlied	
Von ewiger Liebe	
O liebliche Wangen	

INTERMISSION

"Funf Lieder"	Alma Mahler
Die Stille Stadt	(1879-1964)
In meines Vaters Garten	
Laue Sommernacht	
Bei dir ist es traut	
Ich wandle unter Blumen	

Three Métis Songs from Saskatchewan	Malcolm Forsyth
Chanson du Petit Cordonnier	(b. 1936)
Adieu de la Mariée	
Chanson de la Grenouillère	

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music (Honors) degree for Ms Hamm.

TRANSLATIONS

Auf dem See

Blue the water, blue the heaven,
vineclad hills that fringe the shore
far above the snows are driven
deep upon the mountain hoar.

As the boat is lightly heeling,
Up and down the clouds are curled,
sweet the peace of Heaven is stealing
o'er the splendor of the world.

Troubled hearts, give o'er your sorrow,
light and life and love abound,
Joy and rest shall come tomorrow,
from the Heav'n above, around.

Landscapes lit with golden glory
lie reflected deep below;
so reflect in tuneful story
all the beauty earth can show.

Dein blaues Auge

Your blue eyes are so still,
I can see into the depths;
you ask me what I want to see?
I see myself recovering.

I was burnt by a pair of blazing eyes,
the after-effects still give me pain:
your eyes are as clear as water,
and as cool as a lake.

Feldeinsamkeit

Quiet, I rest in tall green grass
and upward long direct my gaze,
by unremittant crickets ringed,
enfolded wondrously by blue sky

The fine white clouds go drifting by
through the deep blue like fine silent
dreams,
I feel as if I have long been dead,
and happy, drift in eternal regions too.

Madchenlied

All night in the spinning room
there sing the maidens
the village lads laugh;
how nimble the wheels!

Each spins for her trousseau
to gladden her dear one.
Not long and there will be
the wedding-bells' sound.

No man there's to love me,
wants to care for me;
how frightened this makes me,
who am I to tell?

The tears go coursing
down my cheeks;
What am I spinning for?
I do not know.

Von ewiger Liebe

Dark, how dark it is in the woods and
fields!

It is already evening, now the world is
silent.

There is no more light anywhere and no
more smoke,
and even the lark, it too is now silent.

Out of the village comes the youth;
he is seeing his sweetheart home.
He leads her past the willow copse,
talking so much and about so many
things.

Translations (continued)

Von ewiger Liebe

If you are suffering shame from others
because of me,
let our love be severed as swiftly,
as quickly as we were earlier joined;
go with the rain and go with the wind,
as quickly as we were earlier joined.

Up speaks the girl, the maiden says:
"Our love is not to be severed!
Steel and iron are firm indeed,
our love is even firmer.

Iron and steel can be reforged,
who can change our love?
Iron and steel can melt away;
Our love must last forever!"

O liebchiche Wangen

Oh lovely cheeks,
you make me desire,
this red, this white,
to look at with eagerness.
And this solely alone
is it not, what I mean;
to look at, to greet,
to touch, to kiss!
You make me desire,
oh lovely cheeks.

Oh sun of joy!
Oh joy of the sun!
Oh eyes, which drain
the light of my eyes.
Oh angelic thoughts!
Oh heavenly beginning!
Oh heaven on earth!
May you me not be
Oh sun of the joy!

Oh most beautiful of the beauties!
Take from me this longing,
Come hurry, come, come,
You sweet, you gentle one!
Ah sister I die,
I die, I perish,
come, come, come hurry,
take from this longing,
oh most beautiful of the beauties.

Fünf Lieder

Die Stille Stadt

There is a town in the valley,
a pallid day disappears,
it won't be long until moon and stars
have gone
and only night remains in the heavens.
From all mountains fog descends upon
the town.
No roof, yard, house or sound
penetrates this smoke,
barely towers and bridges.
Yet as the wanderer is filled with dread
a light appears,
and from out of the smoke and fog
a hymn of praise begins,
from the mouths of children.

In meines Vaters Garten

In my father's garden— bloom, my
heart
In my father's garden stood a shady
apple tree— sweet dream!

Three blond princesses—
bloom, my heart
Three wonderfully beautiful girls slept
beneath the apple tree— sweet dream!

Translations (continued)

The youngest pretty one— bloom, my heart

The youngest pretty one blinked and barely awakened— sweet dream!

The second one stroked her hair— bloom, my heart.

Saw the red morning dream— sweet dream!

She spoke: Do you not hear the drum?

Bloom, my heart! Sweet dream— brightly through the darkening dream!

My love is off to battle— bloom, my heart.

My love returns from the battle, as victor he kisses the hem of my garment.

The third one spoke and spoke so softly— bloom, my heart! The third one spoke and spoke so softly: I will kiss the hem of my love's garment— sweet dream

In my father's garden— bloom, my heart

In my father's garden stands a sunny apple tree— sweet dream.

Laue Sommernacht

Warm summer night,
no star could be seen in the heavens,
in the expansive forest
we searched and found each other in
the darkness,
and with astonishment held each other.
Wasn't our entire life
a groping and a searching,
there in your darkness,
love, fell your light!

Bei dir ist es trau

With you I am loved,
faint-hearted clocks beat as in former
times,
tell me of love, however not loudly!
A fool goes anywhere,

outside among the blossoms,
the evening listens at the window
panes,
let us remain quiet
no one knows us like this!

Ich wandle unter Blumen

I wander among flowers and bloom
with them,
I wander as in a dream and to her with
every step.
Oh hold me tight my love!
Otherwise being drunk with love
I will fall at your feet
and the garden is full of people!

Three Métis Songs from Saskatchewan
Chanson du Petit Cordonnier

I made a mistress three days ago.
On Sunday I went to visit her,
on Monday without delay,
I will ask for her hand.

When her father heard this:
"No, you will not have my daughter,
she had better listen carefully,
for this is a boy who wants her for her
wealth."

Translations (continued)

When her brother, who was listening
heard this:

"Dear father, control your anger,
for he is a man of honour,
let him have my sister."

Lisette, O my Lisette,
give me your handkerchief
to wipe the tears flowing on my white
face.

Ah, tears, oh my sweet eyes,
therefore farewell Lisette.

Oh, but a handkerchief,
I don't have one on me.
Go in my bedroom and open my
dresser
at the head of, ah, my bed
So farewell my handsome friend.

Adieu de la Mariée

On the bank of a flowing stream,
I heard the voice of a bird saying in its
language:

"God bless young people who are
setting up house."

On the first day it is the wedding
what dress should one wear?
The white dress, the dress for rejoicing,
but also the hat of worry and the
necklace of suffering.

The day after the wedding, one must
pack,
looking back at the door with deep
regret.

Oh yes, I will miss very much my
birthplace.

I had always said, "Avoid marriage."

Oh my daughter, who forced you,
who made you do it?
It was your own decision.
Have I not always said that in marriage,
God blesses young people who are
setting up house.

Farewell father, farewell mother,
brothers and sisters and relatives.
I am setting up house.
It is not for one year, it for the rest of
my life.
I am heading for misery.
It is for the rest of my life.
I am setting up house.

Chanson de la Grenouillère

Do you want to hear a song which tells
the truth?

On June the thirteenth,
the band of the Bois brûlés arrived
like brave warriors.

When he reached the Frog plain,
we made three prisoners'
three prisoners of the Arkanys
who are here to loot our country.

When they were about to disembark,
two of our people began shouting:
"There is the Englishman coming to
attack us!"
La, la, la...

The Governor who thinks he is the
Emperor
wants to act with rigor,
but he acted with too much rigor,
causing his own misfortune.
La, la, la...



Upcoming Student Recitals (Free Admission):

Monday, March 23, 1992 at 8:00 pm, Convocation Hall.
Joe Levesque, tenor (Junior Student Recital)

Tuesday, March 24, 1992 at 8:00 pm, Convocation Hall.
Jei Yin, clarinet. Candidate for the Master of Music degree in Applied Music.

Saturday, March 28, 1992 at 8:00 pm, Convocation Hall.
Julie Golosky, soprano (Junior Student Recital).

Sunday, March 29, 1992 at 8:00 pm, Convocation Hall.
Darren Salyn, percussion (Senior Student Recital).

Tuesday, March 31, 1992 at 8:00 pm, Convocation Hall. **Chamber Music Concert - Program 1.** Performers are students from Chamber Music Class.

Wednesday, April 1, 1992 at 8:00 pm, Convocation Hall. **Chamber Music Concert - Program 2.** Performers are students from Chamber Music Class.

Friday, April 3, 1992 at 8:00 pm, Convocation Hall.
Patricia Briskie, piano (Student Senior Recital).



N.B.: Events are subject to change without further notice. Please contact the Department of Music at 492-3263.